

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY BIDE DUDLEY

"Some people are terrible shy on good sense," said Lucile the waitress in the little restaurant on Broadway, as the newspaper man unfolded his napkin.

"What's wrong now?" he asked. "Notin' wrong, only a man comes in here a while ago an' has the nerve to tell me I got a fine contract voice an' ought to be singin' on the stage. He's wassin' with a small steak, medium, with onions, when I form the acquaintance by tellin' him to turn his knife over an' he can cut better. He's usin' the back. Our steaks come of good families, but you can't cut 'em with the back of no knife."

"Well, he gets a bit locoquation—you know, gabby—an' slips me the slip he's a man who stages musical shows. I ask him how he comes to know I got a good contract voice an' he says he heard me yellin' 'Ham an' beans.'"

"And he knew he was in the presence of an artist, eh?" asked the newspaper man.

"Who—me? Not on your life! I wouldn't paint nor draw nothin' in a hundred years. But he keeps on. First he asks me, 'How's yer high register?'"

"Now you know, kid, it's plain to be seen there's only one register here an' it's on the cashier's desk. There it is, I says, 'but it ain't very high. What's the register got to do with me singing? You can't play no tunes on it.'"

"Well, sir, he feels foolish. I guess I misinformed you," he says. "I meant your high notes."

"To the best of my ability," I tell him. "I ain't got any."

"Oh, yes, you have," he says. Then he tells me I could get twenty a week singin' in the chorus. 'Next time you get an order,' he says, 'yell it to the chef in a high voice.'"

"He had me goin' a little, I'll admit it. I think I'll go through with it. So when a guy shuts his eyes, sticks a pin in the bill of fare an' is doomed to corned beef hash, I sing out: 'Corn Beef, Mangled for One,' in a high tremendous voice. I hardly got through yellin' when Maggie, the pie counter girl, calls me aside."

"What's the matter?" she asks. "Are you sick, or do you think you're a rooster?"

"Listen, Maggie, I says, 'that gentleman there is a musical comedy directorate an' he wanted to hear my high notes. He thinks I might be a good singer on the stage. Get me!'"

"I got him," says Maggie. "That guy is Crooney Baker's new bartender. Him a musical comedy directorate?"

"Wow!"

"Maggie re-joins the pie an' I'm sore. I approach the man laughingly to distill into him the idea of ignorance of his identification."

"Really," he says, "I'd like to hear you sing. Can't you come to my studio an' give me a few bars?"

"Bars is right," I says. "Gwan back to your bottles. Whadda mean, makin' a fool of me?"

"He gets up to leave. 'I never did that,' he says. 'The Creator did.'"

"You needn't try to ring in no handmasters, please!" I says. "Good night!" He goes out after me givin' him a crushin' look. What'll you have, kid?"

"Fish," replied the newspaper man. "Good!" came from Lucile. "You need somethin' to build up your brains, an' they say fish'll do it. I been eatin' fish a long time."

A TROUBETZKOY PLAY.
Amelie Rives, the Princess Troubetzkoy, has written a play for Broadway consumption, and it is to be produced by Harrison Grey Fiske and George Mosser. It is a drama, as yet unnamed. The company is being assembled and rehearsals will begin late this week. The Princess has written plays which have been published, but this is her first intended for regular production.

MISS GEORGE TO NEW HAVEN.
Grace George and her Playhouse company will go to New Haven next Monday and give a performance of Bernard Shaw's comedy "Major Barbara," under the auspices of the Yale University Dramatic Association. The following night a dress rehearsal will be held at the Playhouse. The New York opening of the Shaw play will take place Wednesday evening, Dec. 2.

NOW SEE WHAT'S COMING!
Ah, ha! those doctors would get smart, would they? Well, now they're

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"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—This Time the Entire Blame Seems to Rest With Floeey!

By Vic



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Uncle Jerry Nearly Started a Family Argument!

By Thornton Fisher



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

Page 21 By Eleanor Schorer



The Prince was to marry a Goose Girl, who was very beautiful, and the Witch, who had planned to have her daughter wed this Prince, was simply furious! "Flim-flam-floo-oo-oo!" chanted the wicked woman, and turned her child into the exact image of the Goose Girl! "Go, you, and ride to the Prince's church," directed the Witch.



The Witch's daughter rode so hard that the wise little pony, having heard his master speak of the Witch's wish, and of the wedding of the Prince with the Goose Girl, suspected some wrong-doing. But he obeyed every spur and lash until he came to a stretch of marsh. Then he turned into a ditch, and stuck, knee-deep in mire!



"Thinking you his sweetheart he will marry you, and my life's dream will have come true!" Obeying her mother's commands the daughter borrowed a pony from a neighbor lad. "She whipped him and lashed him and rode him through the mire," said the lad afterward. "I would not lend my pony now for all the lady's hire."



So the Prince married his real sweetheart, the Goose Girl, for the Witch's daughter never reached the Prince's church. When the people heard the whole story the lad was proud and glad he had loaned his pony. And the Princess Goose Girl gave him a fine new harness and a pretty curtsy of thanks.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES

With Pleasure.

HE was travelling in the South and had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. He said to the clerk when he entered, "Where shall I autograph?" "Autograph?" said the clerk. "Yes; sign my name, you know." "Oh, right here," as he was signing his name in the register, in came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellows immediately recognizable as Georgia Crackers. One of them advanced to the desk. "Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority. "Certainly," said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk, "mine's rye."—The Argonaut.

Both Happy.
A MINISTER meeting a parishioner of his who had been quite recently married and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said: "Well, John, and how is all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough," returns John. "I'm glad to hear it. You know there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rows," said John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows; whenever she sees me she catches the first thing at hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me, she's happy; if she doesn't, I am. Oh, we're getting on fine!"—Tid-Bits.

Wasted.
DICK FERRIS of Los Angeles ran into his friend W. J. Scanlon at a railroad station in Chicago. The couple had been talking for a few minutes when Ferris was greeted warmly by two breezy Westerners, each of whom was about 6 feet 4 inches tall and built accordingly. He introduced them to Scanlon, who makes the reputation of Lord Chesterfield look like the history of a lout.

Scanlon shook hands with them, and in a few minutes saw, literally

buried behind them, a meek-looking little man. Wishing to make everybody feel comfortable and to save the situation from awkwardness, Scanlon brushed past the two giants, grasped the little fellow's hand, wrung it warmly, and said: "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. My name's Scanlon."

At that juncture Ferris grabbed Scanlon and walked him down the platform. "You fool!" said Ferris. "Those two marshals are taking that fellow off to do twenty years in prison."—Popular Magazine.

Whose Head?
A TEACHER was given a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes, sir," said the boys. "Now," continued the teacher, "what I want to know is this: How is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't rush into my feet?"

And a little fellow shouted: "Why, sir, because yer feet ain't empty!"

Wished to Save Goldie Locks
MARIAN was going over her reading lesson, which was the story of the three bears, relates the Boston Globe.

"Goldie," Locks jumped out of the window," she read.

"Now, Marian," interrupted her mother, "you know the book does not say that. He cut off when you read. The book says 'Goldie Locks jumped out of bed.'"

"I know, mamma," explained Marian, "but I wanted her to jump far enough to get away from the three bears."

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